



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

1872-12-05

Letter from Henry S. Butler to [Mrs. Butler], 1872 Dec 5.

Henry S. Butler

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence>

Recommended Citation

Butler, Henry S., "Letter from Henry S. Butler to [Mrs. Butler], 1872 Dec 5." (1872). *John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)*. 1495.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/muir-correspondence/1495>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in John Muir Correspondence (PDFs) by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact mgibney@pacific.edu.

Phillips Exeter Academy
Exeter, N.H. Dec. 5. 1872

Dear Mother,

A letter from Father this day received reminds me that I have not written to you this week and I now make haste to do so. I am well and am glad to learn that you are improving.

We had a sumptuous feast on Thanksgiving day. About fifty of the club remained here and we probably ^{had} as good a substitute for the regular home celebration as could be gotten up. I presided as toast-master. The school goes on in its regular way and, though it takes up so much time it can be but of small interest to one not connected with it. We have bought a carpet second-hand of some fellows going away, so we will have a room both comfortable and pleasant against the coming winter. I am most happy to hear from father of your continued improvement.

and wish you could be as strong as I am. I want you to be quite well against next boating season and my summer vacation, so we can go to that little cave, which you have so beautifully described without ever seeing.

In this respect you are similar to the author of Waverley, who, after writing a delightful description of Melrose by moonlight, confessed that he had seen it only by the light of the sun, or the poet Longfellow, who saw the Falls of Minnehaha for the first time the season after he had given to the world a complete picture of it. However, I think the cave will not fall short of your portrait, nor do I believe that it can be described more truthfully by a view of it.

This cave is but ^{one} of numberless things connected with that beautiful chain of lakes endeared to me by long association. The roar of Mendota has as great a charm for me as had the "Bells of Shandon" for the poor wandering priest.

Sunday. I wrote this letter during the week but it has hung on till another Sabbath. In the meanwhile I have received a very kind present from you - the note-paper, which will be of great use to me and for which I express my thanks. Our minister - the Rev. Mr. Street has just returned from Europe where he has been for six months recruiting. He was on board the Batavia which came near being wrecked itself and took the survivors from a vessel which had foundered. Mark Twain was on board and has written a letter on it.

Mr. Street gave a description of it in church.

Love to my sisters and to Father.

Your loving Son,

Henry S. Butter.

John Muir, Esq.

I enclose you this
letter. I persuaded you
will like to see how
Henry is getting on.

His report from
the head of the school
is at hand.

The highest average
of any one in his
class of 57 is 94

Henry's average
is 92.

My wife is
better. — I go home
to night.

J. Butler

Burkington

Jan. 15 [1873]